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Vox Collegii.

"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit."

Vol XX.

WHITBY, DECEMBER, 1902.

No. 10

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Literary.

Temperance.

Temperance is the total abstinence from all that is evil and the moderate use of that which is good, but the evils of the liquor traffic have become so gigantic that the word has come to have an accommodated meaning, being used to designate those who abstain from intoxicating liquors and are opposed to the traffic in strong drink.

The curse of strong drink and stimulants is as old as the history of the race. Noah, the head of the only family saved from the flood, made wine, drank to excess and brought a curse on his family. Under the leadership of Moses drinking was prevalent among the chosen people, and two priests of God, sons of Aron, fell victims to the vile habit. It was the greatest national evil that the prophet Isaiah had to combat, and the strongest and most scathing

national rebuke of the traffic on record is found in the 5th chapter of Isaiah.

Solomon was so impressed with the danger and folly of wine drinking that he gave the warning found in Proverbs twenty-third chapter, from 29th-35th verses. It is only seven short verses made up of words of one or two syllables, but in descriptive power and pointed warning it has never been equalled by any writer.

From profane history we learn that other races have indulged in strong drink and suffered from its evils till it has made the earth a very graveyard of nations. The Anglo-Saxons have been sinners above many in the matter of intoxicants, but they are now making a mighty struggle to throw off its thralldom and dominion. Wherever the race is found the struggle is on.

The first temperance society in England was started in 1832; the first in Canada in 1828, and the first in the United States in 1826. We may say the temperance sentiment began to organize simultaneously in these three countries, and wonderful has been the progress. Fifty years ago drinking was respectable and drunkenness was no disgrace. It is impossible to describe the dense moral darkness that covered the people. In London, England, there were sign-boards hung out at the taverns on which were advertisements like the following: "You can get dead drunk here for two pence and clean straw for a farthing." Everybody drank, from the King to the poorest peasant, not excepting the clergy. Even in Canada people could not be born, christened, feasted, wedded or buried without strong drink. At barn-raising, logging bees, thrashings and every kind of gathering it was the indispensable beverage. It was the principal medicine used. If hot, people drank to keep themselves cool; if cold, to keep them warm. The man who did not drink or treat was considered a weakling or a fanatic, and treated with scorn and often persecution.

What a change in the past fifty years. The light of science has been thrown on strong drink and shown it to be "a mocker," "a poison" and "a

destroyer of humanity." Temperance societies have multiplied, and wave after wave of temperance sentiment has rolled over Britain, Canada and United States, each one bearing permanent results in the advancement of temperance and educating of the people, until now the liquor traffic is under the ban of social opinion. Liquor-drinking is no longer respectable, and drunkenness is a disgrace and a bar to respectable society.

The temperance sentiment has led also to political agitation, resulting in decreasing the number of licenses all over the Dominion of Canada and making license law much more stringent. It has also brought about the prohibition of traffic in many places on the continent.

On account of imperfect legislation the Scot Act was repealed in Ontario, but there is prohibition over much of the territory of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, and a number of townships in Ontario still have a local option law. In the United States there is total prohibition in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Kansas and North Dakota. Then they have a law like our Ontario Local Option Law in operation in every State of the union that has not total prohibition. Thus it is estimated one-half of the territory of the United States is under prohibition and 17,000,000 of the population. To accomplish this there has been a mighty struggle and much noble fighting.

Another gain in the temperance fight is the stand the railway companies and monied corporations are taking. The presidents of nearly all railways forbid their employes to drink while on duty, and an increasing number refuse to employ any who drink at all. Some presidents forbid their employes to enter a hotel. Bankers prefer total abstainers, and a young man who frequents hotels is in danger of losing his position in the bank. Nearly everywhere in business life to-day this sign confronts the wage-earner: "No drunkard need apply."

There is industrial trouble in Sydney at the present time caused by the whiskey traffic. The presidents of the Dominion iron and Steel Companies and the Dominion Coal Company have written to the mayor asking him to do something to curtail the traffic, for it is seriously interfering with their business by demoralizing their employes.

Other countries are also beginning to oppose the traffic. Archbishop Ireland says: "In my travels through Europe recently I have discovered that the

war against alcohol is spreading throughout every country on that continent."

We feel greatly encouraged by the result of the recent vote, and, though the power of the traffic is exceedingly strong, the sky is bright with the promise of victory, and the word of God stands sure that Christ will destroy every evil work by the spirit of his mouth and the brightness of his coming.

ETHEL M. BEATTY.

"His Christmas Gift."

It was the day before Christmas and the shadows of the December afternoon were already deepening—stealing stealthily into the old parlor—lurking in its folds of drapery, behind its easel and massive book-case, mingling with the dancing fire-light as though attracted from the clear frost of the mysterious one to the warmth and happiness within. A glance from the clinging wreaths of mistletoe to the girlish figure so still by the hearth told it was Christmastide, the happiest, holiest time of all the year.

What alluring scenes were the deceptive flames presenting to the sweet gray eyes? To what enchanted lands were they beckoning her? Was it at a gallant knight with snow-white steed and waving plumes the sweet lips were smiling? Yes; her smiles were for a knight, but he did not live in the unknown land of a maiden's dreams, nor was he a knight of the old historic days of chivalry but a knight he was of the joyful living present, with the bravest of hearts and the brownest of eyes. So thought this fair one, and who should know better than she. He had been her hero since that first day when a broken-hearted, motherless child she had come to share the house of her aunt. How well she remembered him as he was then—her uncle's younger brother—a gay youth bubbling over with light-heartedness just entering college. And then how she had watched for each holiday to bring him back, and gloried in his every triumph till, in his graduating year, he had come to say good-bye. A new field in the west lay open for him, and he must begin life's battle now with all the earnestness of ambitious manhood.

So they parted. Did he know he carried away with him the heart of a young girl? Did he know, as he held her hands, that the tears so near the beautiful grey eyes were tears prompted by stronger

emotion than loyal friendship. He might have known—perhaps he did know, but words of love would never pass his lips until he had carved at least a small niche in life's hard rock wherein to shelter the woman he loved from its inevitable storms.

The months of exile passed for him days so full of manly struggling to gain a foot-hold on the coveted land of success. For her—days brimming with girlish dreams and womanly ambitions.

And now he was coming. Here her meditation was broken—the door opened to admit a little lad. His short golden curls were tossed, and his deep blue eyes were thoughtful.

"Why, what is troubling little Ben?"

Oh, Cousin Jean, I just want to speak to Santa Claus so bad. Do you think it is too late to ask him for another present. I sent all my letters long ago, but——

Here the little fellow threw himself in front of the flames, and, resting his troubled little face on his chubby hands, he was soon deep in silent converse with the spirits of Christmas land.

Tenderly the big cousin knelt by the little form of distress and innocence, and, kissing the golden waves, was about to brush away the clouds when the sound of a step caught her quick ear, and, leaving the little dreamer, passed out into the hall-way, but before she could reach further her hands were imprisoned, and a strong, tender voice was saying: "Is it my little girl?"

Yes, he was there. Glad words of welcome sprang to her lips, but at that second tones of a sweet, childish voice reached their ears, and she paused.

"Dear Santa Claus—I'm little Ben. I guess it is too late for a letter to get you, but I thought if I just spoke up the flue you might hear me, and I want to speak to you so bad. My uncle Jack is coming here all the way from another country. I guess you used to know him when he was little like me. He's awful big and nice now, and, Santa Claus, you haven't any Christmas present for him. I didn't know what he wanted or I'd have told you in my letter, but I heard mamma say this morning, Uncle Jack ought to have a wife, so I thought I'd ask you to please give him one for a Christmas present. The nicest one you know of; to be his own and keep his house so it won't be so lonesome away off where he is. Somebody like Cousin Jean

would be nice with pretty eyes like her's. I think Uncle Jack would like her. Good-by, Santa. I'm awful sorry to bother you when you're in such a hurry. I hope you'll have a nice night."

Every word had reached the two, standing near the half-open door.

"Oh! Uncle Jack! But wait a minute." And back to the hearth ran the little form, dropped on his hands and knees, and again the small, eager voice was heard in exalted, hurried tones.

"Oh! it's alright, Santa. Uncle Jack's here and he's got his present and it's Cousin Jean. Thanks, dear Santa. I'm so glad I told you he wanted one."

He was in Uncle Jack's arms now.

"It was me told him to bring her, Uncle Jack. Isn't dear old Santa good, tho'? Let me down—mamma doesn't know."

Again the sweet face gazed into the fire-light, but not alone. Her knight stood beside her, and as brown eyes met the grey he said: "Must little Ben's faith in St. Nicholas be shaken, and must I return to the 'lonesomeness' without my Christmas gift?"

"Well, for little Ben's sake," and, she added with a happy twinkle, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

LAENORE.

Reconciled.

My heart has been so bare these many days,
The old love ever burning in my breast.
In vain I've sought another love to find
To fill the gulf the loss of yours had left
So long ago. It seem's I've waited years
In hope that you would show some sign, or say
That I might dare renew the long lost claim,
The right to love you in the dear old way;
That doubt and hurt were gone, and that at last,
Our hearts, each to the other needs must turn
And cling—the pain forgot—and we, resolved
That in the future naught would come between
Us in this sacred happiness renewed.
So marvel not that when at last to-day
You give the sign, my foolish eyes are wet
With joy untold, my heart throbs forth a prayer
Of thanks, that after waiting weary days
Your dear heart turns at last to claim its own.
Haply to you it does not mean so much.
God grant that sorrow like to this of mine
Your loving heart may never crush and chill,
And yet, because the pain was long and deep,
Triple is now the happiness I keep.

—Helen L. T. Badgley.

The Golden Days.

BY LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON.

At the beginning of the year, when Mr. Morrison visited our school, we asked him for a college song, and he very kindly composed the following:—

Raise we our song
Laden with loyal hope and cheer;
Rings from the heart
Paens of blithesomeness abounding;
Joy angels throng,
Shadow and burden disappear,—
So our song, resounding,
Telleth of bliss abounding.
God hath been kind—
He hath appointed each a place;
Wise are His plans—
Who hath anointed each by grace;
He reigns for aye—
Every boon to Him we trace;
Our spirits yearn
His lore to learn,
So we may discern.

CHORUS.

Joyfully then our song ascendeth!
Ours are the golden days;
Life is the warp, begun—
Love is the woof, inspun;
Mind and spirit the colors blendeth;
Whoso' the truth obeys
With a finished web to the King ascendeth
For His praise.
Earth is aflamè!
Bloometh the mountain, vale and shore;
Each leaf a tongue
Telling a tone of pure rejoicing;
Love is the name
God would be known by evermore;
All the world is voicing
Harmony and rejoicing;
So may not we,
Touch'd by the chrism of faith, within,
Each one redeemed
Out of the snare and soil of sin,
True in our place,
By holy prayer and service win
Earth unto Heaven,
Blood-bought and shriven,
By the uplifting given.

We wave and sing,—
Telling the trust that ruleth all;
We are the heirs
Of the immortal ones before us;
Their plaudits ring,
So we delight to heed their call,
Keep their banners o'er us
And their goal before us.
Joined for the right
We are as one in word and deed;
Prayer sanctified,
Follow we on where He doth lead;
Strong by his might,
Duty and use our sentient creed:
So are we one
Till toil is done,
Our Master leading on.

Toronto, November 15th, 1902.

We quote some sentences from a letter which accompanied the song:—

"I do not know if it will please. I have written it in marching time and large enough for band music. Of course the wording can be altered if the composer should like to have more or less feet in the music, or for any other reason. The last verse has a lot of motion in it if the music is not too fast. Waving, joining hands, kneeling in prayer, etc."

This song is very beautiful, and, we are sure, will always be claimed with pride as something belonging expressly to the O.L.C. and written especially for it. Let us hope to see it set to music worthy of the sentiment and the very appropriate construction sometime in the near future. But the song we feel a need of is one more directly descriptive and in praise of our Alma Mater.

In a later letter from Mr. Morrison he says:—

"I did not quite understand what you wanted in the way of a song. If you have in mind a song, with a chorus in which the "O.L.C." will come in, descriptive of the work of the College, the hopes and aspirations of the scholars, the scope of the education, etc., then I will try and work it out that way, but I would like to have you gather up as many of your phrases and points as possible and send them to me, and do not be afraid to suggest anything about measure, rhythm, etc., which may come into your mind."

We are all very grateful to Mr. Morrison for his cheerful and ready aid, and for the willingness he

displays to use his time and talent for our future pleasure.

Now, girls we want suggestions for a good rousing song. A yell is all very well for university students, but it is more probable our forte lies in singing rather than "yelling."

If you have any hints as to thought, expression or rhythm do not hesitate to give Mrs. Hare the benefit of your ideas, as she has the matter much in thought and will be in communication with Mr. Morrison on the subject. Those who have seen Mr. Morrison's book of poems agree that had he our suggestions and requirements as material he could, and in kindness would, write one more particularly adapted to our College.

Our Winter Sports.

The winter has come at last, bringing with it the necessity for vigorous action to keep warm. It is said, regarding a school-room, that the proper temperature in order to obtain good work from the pupils is about 67° fahr; if colder they will be noisy and restless, and if very much warmer they become dull and languidly idle. I think we can all agree with that statement from personal experience, and now this cold, frosty air makes us look longingly at our embryonic rink where we hope soon to enjoy many a pleasant hour of healthful exercise and merriment.

Just here let me say, that if smiling faces and sparkling eyes can tell any tales, the preparatory work going on behind the College for our winter's skating is, indeed, much appreciated. We are very grateful for this advancement on last year's opportunities in this line, but the best of it all is, that this does not come alone, girls! You know "misfortune never comes singly," they say, and in this case we can say good fortune has certainly not come unattended. The *gymnasium* is to be fitted up during the Christmas holidays for the games of basket ball and bowling. Surely this is a delightful announcement for every sport-loving girl! And in the spring who shall be able to accuse one of us of weak muscles, poor circulation or respiration or imperfect digestion.

As for the game of basket ball, we all know it well and love it dearly, for it has become the Canadian girl's pleasure. The latter, bowling, has not been so generally introduced among our school-day sports,

as it is among our sisters over the line, but we are glad to welcome such a beneficial game to a place among our winter's sports this year.

Bowling has been a time-honored sport for centuries, and yet has never lost its fascination. In the far-off days of the thirteenth century quaint old poems speak to us of many a fair "ladye" displaying her prowess on the bowling green. It is said the bowling was introduced into America by the sturdy Dutch settlers, who used to show the wild Aborigines, in the twilight, a little of the "home-land" civilization in a good game of bowles.

It is not a game that can be mastered only with the aid of a teacher, for its methods and regulations are principally obtained by careful, *patient*, well-directed practice. It may *seem* very easy to stand at the given distance of sixty four feet, at one end of a very level alley, and with a perfectly round ball knock down a triangle of slender pins at the other end, but it's not so easy when you try it. However, every girl, *if she wishes*, can make an expert bowler, and this is a game where woman meets man on equal terms, since success depend on skill rather than on strength.

It is urged by some writers that a girl cannot excel in bowling because of her costume, but the light, short, walking skirt and loose comfortable blouse, together with a pair of rubber shoes as used in tennis, disqualifies such a statement entirely.

So let us all return after our happy holiday festivities ready to seek a broad and "liberal" education. Let no one come back with the resolution that she will find no time for exercise that she can possibly avoid, but rather appreciate these opportunities for physical development, and foster the robust constitutions which characterized our grandparents and which will stand by us in life's realities.

"A Measly Shame."

The first case wasn't so bad. We felt sorry that Miss Bryce would be confined to the infirmary so long and for so trivial a reason. Everyone said: "Oh, no; I'm not a bit afraid of them."

The second case caused some talk and suppressed excitement began to show itself. When Upper Frances was fumigated some laughed while others tried to look very much concerned. If a girl got excused from a meal, skipped a class or happened to be out of sight for more than an hour at one time

the wild news soon went the rounds that she "HAD THEM."

On the day the third case was discovered three girls were ill, and had been for more than a day. Someone suggested that if any of them were proved to have the measles the school would close immediately. How that news flew. Every one began to plan how she would spend the extra two weeks. All started to pack and some had letters written ready to post as soon as the word came, saying they would be home early on account of the measles.

Imagine, then, the confusion, excitement, disappointment and uproar when, after we had all been counting more or less on an extra long holiday, all of a sudden, without a minutes notice, we were told that in three hours the health officer would come and we would undoubtedly be quarantined.

Trunks were packed in a trice. We heard the word at eleven, and by noon at least forty girls had decided to go home by the first train that would take them. Of all the disconsolate, woe-begone looking faces that were ever seen surely those at dinner were the worst. Poor Dr. Hare was to be pitied, but no one ever thought of the bother they were making to every one else. The one aim was to get away, by fair means or foul, before the awful quarantine would swoop down and make them prisoners for the holidays.

True, we were told it would be only for ten days, but no one believe that, and, anyway, none seemed willing to take the chance of having it prolonged by the advent of another case breaking out, which all felt sure would mean a second ten days.

"It's an ill wind," says the proverb, and the telephone companies certainly profited by our misfortune, and were blown much good in the way of cash, for the long distance lines were kept red hot all afternoon. Parents were called up in every corner of Ontario, and even further than the boundary of this province the news was spread. Permission came galore but availed naught.

Upon this scene of animation and vexation the quarantine was lowered, and suddenly the whole College drew its breath in one big gasp, some in relief but most in utter despair.

Long faces were still in evidence at tea, but by the next morning everything was quiet and peaceful. Even the disappointed ones were content to sit on their packed trunks in bed-rooms and await the pleasure of the health officer.

On Monday the quarantine was lifted, and we

went out as before. On Thursday we were again threatened if found in the stores down town, but, strange to say, very few of those so anxious and ready to leave on Friday went when the opportunity presented itself at the beginning of the week, most of the girls remaining a week longer.

The sick girls shut up in the infirmary can have no idea of the crisis which we passed through while they were enduring the imprisonment in quiet. They were suffering bodily while we, or some of us at least, were threatened mentally.

Now that it is all over, how ridiculous it seems. All we can do is wonder how Dr. Hare kept his temper. We pity the poor inmates of the room on the end of the east wing who had to miss all the fun they would have seen had they not been the unlucky causes of the consternation?

H.B.

Notes. H.B.

On Friday, Dec. 12th, we had the pleasure of an unexpected visit from Mr. Barclay, of Whitby, who brought with him Dr. Hoyle, of Toronto, president of the law Society of Toronto, a leader of the Provincial Bible Society, and son of the late Chief Justice of Newfoundland. Dr. Hoyle kindly consented to make a speech, and he told a very interesting story about the lawyers. What led to the telling of this tale was a remark made by Dr. Hare, before he introduced the speaker, about the old-fashioned belief that when a man became a lawyer he was destined, to quote the doctor's exact words, "eventually to reach that very warm place." This was the story: "Many years ago a lawyer conceived the idea that the lawyers should have a patron saint, so he went to the archbishop, or someone who had the right to make people saints, and put in his plea for a saint for the lawyers. He was blind-folded and led around among the people to choose the man. Finally, he stopped and touched the one he wished to be chosen, and it proved to be not an angel nor an arcangel, but a fallen angel. Yes, in fact, the prince of the fallen angels." Very likely we are to take this as a good reason for not misjudging the lawyers and their failings. Mr. Hoyle spoke of the work done by the Bible Society and how extensive was its influence. In India, alone, last year 36,000 were read to every week by Bible Society workers. These women have very sad lives. They are treated

like chattels, and have no power to throw off the oppression they endure from the opposite sex, so these visits, and the opportunity of hearing the Bible read (most of them cannot read themselves), "is a great and much-appreciated source of pleasure as well as moral, intellectual and spiritual help." We hope Dr. Hoyle will come again sometime, for his speech gave us something to think about, and was enjoyed by all. Ae says it is our duty to the Bible, as women, to which we owe so much of our pleasure, safety and comfort, to join the society and be active workers here at home, even though we cannot go to heathen lands to teach the sisters in the darkness of unbelief. Mr. Barclay also made a very interesting speech, which everyone enjoyed. He, too, is an active member of the Bible Society.

We were very much disappointed that the quarantine prevented our enjoying the much anticipated pleasure of being entertained by the Rev. Mr. Emory, who had so kindly planned to give a reception to the whole school last Friday night. The girls who were here last year when he entertained us know just what a lovely time they would have had, and have greatly regretted our misfortune. Here is a quotation from a letter from Mr. Emory wrote Dr. Hare, which will dispel all our regret:—"Will you kindly tell the students how deeply we regret that, owing to the quarantine, it is thought better to cancel the reception for Friday night. But it will only be a pleasure deferred, since we shall anticipate having a reception sometime during January, when we shall hope to meet all the present students and many more." This is, indeed, very kind of Mr. and Mrs. Emory, for it has, no doubt, caused them not a little inconvenience to postpone it, and makes us doubly appreciate their kindness.

On the day of the recent election posters could be seen in the College corridors telling of an election to be held in the College at 2 p.m., when all were seriously asked to vote. The question was considered quite solemn and important. There were posters with cartoons against the liquor traffic and printed over of all descriptions, while those who were most interested wore the white bow as the symbol of the side of the question which they upheld. Many more than half of the number voted, and as prohibition carried by a majority of 107 votes, we can well

consider our College to be a prohibition institution.

The girls who remain in the College are counting on having a very good time. Some have been here other years for the holiday, and enjoyed it very much. Although the rest of us are glad not to be one of you we are sure you will have much pleasure. We hope you do, and will think of you while we are gone.

At the annal meeting of shareholders and directors of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, all the old directors were re-elected and the following officers were chosen for the ensuing year:—Hon. President, Hon. Geo. A. Cox; Hon. Vice-Presidents, Rev. Dr. Dewart and Rev. Dr. Potts; President, Hon. Charles Drury, Barrie; First Vice-President, Mr. R. C. Hamilton, Toronto; Second Vice-President, Mr. L. T. Barclay, Whitby; Secretary-Treasurer, Mr. John Rice, Whitby. Reports were received from the Executive Committee, the Faculty Committee, and from the Rev. Dr. Hare, principal, showing the steady improvement in the financial and educational status of the College. The new desks for individual work in the Domestic Science Department, presented by Mrs. Treble, of Toronto, were inspected and admired. These were fitted up by the board with electric stoves and all the requisite utensils for the most thorough and satisfactory work. A most hopeful and enthusiastic spirit pervaded the entire meeting, and all bespoke for the Ontario Ladies' College an increasingly brilliant and successful future.—*The Globe, Toronto.*

"In the last issue of the VOX COLLEGI was a very good article upon the subject of newspapers. So apt were the criticisms that we reproduce the comments in another column of our publications this week."—*Whitby Gazette.*

Mr. Walks, B.A., of the Whitby Collegiate Institute, will give a lecture before the Literary Society in the College concert hall some time in January. Knowing Mr. Walk's ability to interest an audience, we are looking forward to a great treat.

Girls, show this number of the VOX to your friends. If they enjoy reading it ask them to subscribe. It will help our little paper along, and it will make you more anxious to have the paper interesting when you know your friends are going to see it each month. Surely, every girl who is on the staff will find some one who will wish to receive a

copy of every number, and if you just suggest it, in many cases they will subscribe. Or maybe you know of some one who would enjoy it, and you can subscribe and have it sent to them. Girls who once attended the College would be very grateful for such a gift, we are sure.

If there are any wishing extra copies of this number they can obtain them by enclosing stamps to cover price and postage to Miss Evelyn Beatty at the College, with the address to which you wish them forwarded. Extras to all, this month, for five cents a piece.

Principal's Report to the Board of Directors.

Am pleased to report that the past year has been very encouraging from an educational standpoint. Of the seven students who took departmental and university examinations every one passed creditably with the exception of one who came to us from the town as a day student, and who, through family sickness, was not able to attend the latter part of the year. These students who were successful in the departmental examinations attended our regular classes, and were, in every case, outdistanced in our own examinations by other members of their classes who did not try the departmental examinations. I mention this to indicate that the number of our students taking the public examinations bears testimony simply to the high average standard of scholarship attained by our students as a whole, but does not represent the amount of work being done along these special lines.

The same gratifying success marked the various examinations in music conducted by the Toronto Conservatory of Music. In these examinations a large percentage of the candidates took first-class honors both in the theory and practice of music, and our graduate in vocal music, the only one of the year, took the highest place in the final examination, winning the Conservatory Scholarship.

The departments of fine art, elocution, commercial and domestic science were not tested by any similar examination, but it is safe to say that these were not a whit behind the literary and musical departments. The only change that we propose to make for the coming year is to extend our course of study in domestic science. The work has been outlined and entered upon, and we hope to be able to demonstrate at the end of this year that what we

have undertaken to do we are capable of doing.

Respecting the home life of the students, it is gratifying to state that the moral tone was exceptionally high, and that, with one exception, no unpleasant discipline was needed during the year. If our college has stood for anything it has stood for character-building and high ideals of life. It has been our conviction that any carelessness and laxity of religious thought and feeling, with the consequent lowering of the standards of duty and honor, would not only be suicidal to the interests of students, but would tend to the weakening and overthrow of the College itself. To promote a healthy, moral and religious sentiment, morning and evening prayers, weekly Bible classes, Christian Association and other meetings were regularly maintained.

In this connection I feel it to be my duty to refer to the uplifting and far-reaching influence of a religious class conducted weekly by Mrs. Hare. Several letters from interested parents have borne testimony to their appreciation of this Christian service. The physical health of the students was remarkably good. No contagious or other disease broke out reflecting on the sanitary conditions of the buildings, whilst the presence of a nurse accessible at all times was a great source of comfort to any suffering from light, temporary ailments. As far as possible attention was given to the home and social training of students. Some improvement was made in table appointments and service, and once a term a special five-course dinner was given the whole school. We consider it vital to the success of our College that our students should go out from us not only scholarly and Christian, which are the great essentials, but ladies of good taste and refinement, whose manner of speech and dignified bearing may reflect credit upon their Alma Mater.

J. J. HARE.

As Women Know.

Love may be joy unspeakable, and love

May be a woe too deep for moans and tears;
Love may be chrism of blessing poured above

The quiet days of uneventful years;
And love may sometimes be just patience spent
In trying how to find and keep content.
Whate'er it be, true love is crown or cross,
Infinite gain, or woe of bitterest loss.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.

Those to whom this is the first college year and the first home-coming will feel a love for every old familiar object deeper than she ever had before. Your own piano may be old but it will sound so sweet; everything you eat will taste so good; the very chairs will seem more comfortable than they used to be, and every room will be full of cheer and comfort. Low ceilings, narrow halls and short stairways will be a treat, and it will be so nice to have more than the one little college room in which

to spend the time. Never before did you appreciate home and loved ones as you will when you are with them in this coming Christmas season.

Christmas is the most beautiful and, because it is the anniversary of Christ's birth, also the most sacred time of all the year. Each heart goes out in sympathy and affection to every other heart as we remember the long suffering of One who loved and died for all mankind.

Do not forget the sorrowing ones. Let us all strive to make the Christmas of some poor or suffering person brighter by word or deed, and by doing so our own pleasure will be deeper and more enduring.

Merry Christmas to you, girls! A Merry Christmas to all the readers of our paper, and may nothing mar the bliss of the coming Christmas tide.

HELEN L. T. BADGLEY.

Personals.

Miss Gumpricht spent Sunday in Oshawa.

Mr. Hodson spent a few hours with his daughter, Jessie.

Miss Michaelis visited friends in Toronto last week.

All were delighted to have Muriel Parker with us again.

Miss Norris was the guest of Miss Copeland this month.

Mrs. Hopkins, Burlington, visited Miss I. Smith last week.

Miss McTaggart was in Oshawa for Sunday, the guest of Mrs. Hare.

Mrs. Higginbottom and her son spent Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. Hare.

Miss Navada Webster has left Roosevelt Hospital and is visiting in Toronto.

Miss Harriet Anglin, a former student, was entertained at the College for a few days.

We extend our heartiest sympathies to Miss Rappell, and trust for her speedy recovery.

We are sorry that through illness Miss Turk was obliged to leave us so unexpectedly. We miss

Hattie very much, and all join in wishing her a very speedy recovery.

Miss Irene Hanson is visiting in Toronto, the guest of one of our ex-pupils, Miss McKendry.

Miss Ferguson spent a few days in Whitby, the guest of Mrs. Paxton, and was with us for a short time.

It is rumoured that Miss Ethel Foulds, who attended O. L. C. in 1901-1902, is enjoying an extended trip in Europe.

Miss Michaelis is spending Christmas with two of our former pupils, the Misses Ethel and Helen Smith, Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. Parker and her daughter, Muriel, spent Sunday with Winnifred. They intend sailing for the Old Country very soon.

We were all delighted to have Edna Breithaupt with us again for a few days, but wished her visit could have been prolonged.

A number of the girls received invitations to Victoria conversazione, but none were able to avail themselves of the pleasure of attending.

Miss Southgate, a pupil of '01-02, and now a nurse at Roosevelt Hospital, has been very ill, but we are all glad to hear that she is now convalescing, and is expected home in Toronto for Christmas.

Miss Winnifred Moysey returned from the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, to attend the Chatton Literary Society "At Home." Miss Moysey is one of the charming debutants of the season.—*Toronto Saturday Night*.

The Latest College Slang Expressions.

"Oh, sulphur!"

"Fumigate it!"

"Go and take the measles?"

"Wouldn't that quarantine you?"

"Wouldn't that give you the measles?"

Locals.

"Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment."—Shakespeare.

NOTICE.—All those wishing to settle "old scores" will find the local reporters in their rooms between 1 a. m. and 5 a. m. Please remember there is no ambulance in the immediate vicinity of the institution, and that duelling is out of date as well as against the law.

"A soft answer turned away wrath."

Ask Ada to recite her latest poem.

Emily's latest expression is, Oh, Shaw!

Coffee is bad for little girls, even tho' it isn't the real thing.

Advice for those intending to forget to pay for the VOX—"Don't."

Desireè (cleverly)—Girls did you hear about the peacock? Fine tail.

What is the matter with the corduroy coat? Is it under quarantine, too?

Miss — (translating French)—They all received him like a little queen.

Daisy S — s—My! these potatoes are so hot they give me the cold shivers.

A new theorem adopted by Prof. H ——. "Only women are inflicted with curiosity."

Ada—"Please pass a bun."

Desireè—"You are too heavy to pass, Ada."

Miss X.—Miss C., what is your favorite fruit.

Miss C.—I'm very fond of a nice big yellow squash.

Edna—"Have you seen the new VOX yet?"

Daisy—"Oh, yes! I may not be up to date, but I always keep my 'dates.'"

One of the girls said she had lived so much in sulphur smoke during the recent measles scare that she wouldn't mind dying at all.

Canadian Lie—I think Montreal is laid out much nicer than Boston.

American Lie—Yes, perhaps; but by the time

Boston has been dead as long as Montreal it will be laid out just as nicely.

Notice—Anyone wishing to take boxing lessons will please call at 21 Lower Ryerson from 9 to 9.15 p.m. Gumpy & Mike, expert boxers.

Miss C—p—d.—Helen, a little bird told me you do not always have a tidy room.

Helen—Oh! that bird must have been a part-ridge.

College will re-open January 5th. This will be a favourable time to enter upon a course of study. Immediate application for room should be made to Dr. Hare.

Eleanor's hat looked quite stunning the night of the scenes, but poor Mr. Greenwood had to borrow one to wear down town. Let's get him another so we can borrow one sometimes.

Ted.—"Oh, dear! I am so afraid of falling on my nose."

Grace (sympathetically)—"Oh, well, never mind; your nose is not near your face."

The annual conversazione, the great social event of the year, has been announced for Friday evening, Feb. 13th. There will be the usual special train from Toronto, the double orchestra, etc.

It is extremely embarrassing to be stared at on entering or leaving the dining-room, but it is invariably done. Strangers must notice it very much when those who are resident here resent it. It is, to say the least, rude, and more than one in the College needs to remember this fact and avoid doing it.

Lamb—young,

Lamb—old,

Lamb—hot,

Lamb—cold,

Lamb—tender,

Lamb—tough,

Thank the fates

We've had enough.

In physical culture class the other day we were told to "keep out of the past and out of the future," and that the girls who were skipping ~~was~~ probably working on Christmas gifts so were not doing this. E—or was heard to remark that if the girls had been present they would have been in the present,

but as they stayed away they must be with the present.

Janet (coming out of church Sunday morning to Miss F——)—“Say, Eleanor, I looked at you after the service and you looked “Black in the face.”

Miss B——y (to Miss McC——y, who is laughing as they sit up in the cold to do song-writing for the Vox)—Don’t cry. The tears will freeze in an icicle on your nose.

Miss McC——y—Those aren’t tears. My feet are so cold that the dampness in the atmosphere which rises from them is condensed and falls from my eyes in rain.

Music.

We are pleased to note this month a much anticipated event in our little musical world, the recital given by the advanced pupils of Miss Smart and Mr. Harrison. Being a public recital, a number of the residents of Whitby were present to enjoy it. The programme was as follows:—

1. Piano solo... Etude in D Flat *Liszt*
W. Gumpricht.
2. Vocal solo.. “Oh! Had I Jubal’s Lyre.”... *Handel*
A. Petherbridge.
3. Piano solo..... Gigue..... *Chaminade*
D. Seccombe.
4. Piano solo..... Song No. 19..... *Mendelssohn*
M. German.
5. Vocal solo.... “Mon Desire” *Nevin*
J. Crabb.
6. Piano solo..... Les Sylvanis..... *Chaminade*
M. Edwards.
7. Vocal solo.. “Oh, That We Two Were Maying.”
..... *Gounod*
M. Michea is.
8. Piano solo.. Adagio—Sonata, Op. 32, No. 4.
..... *Beethoven*
J. Crabb.
9. Vocal solo... MacDowell’s Song..... ———
L. Wilson.
10. Piano solo... Etude Arabesque..... *Lack*
B. O’Hara.
11. Vocal solo.. “When to Thy Vision.”... *Gounod*
D. Seccombe.
12. Piano solo... La Chevaleresque..... *Godard*
L. Wilson.

The pupils of Miss Wright gave another

private recital on November 22nd. Those taking vocal from Miss Perley enjoyed a private recital, which was held on December 9th. In spite of being excluded from these, the outside girls know from the rumors that they were both successful, all who took part showing progress and improvement by the way in which they executed their selections.

Miss Lillian Wilson, A.T.C.M., sang in the evening at the Presbyterian church when the special St. Andrew’s services were being held.

Y. W. C. A.

God has His best things for the few
That dare to stand the test;
God has His second choice for those
Who will not have His best.

I want in this short life of mine,
As much as can be pressed
Of service true, for God and man,
Help me to be my best.

The week of prayer, Nov. 9th to 15th, was observed by our Y. W. C. A., and we have felt the benefit of it ever since in the renewed spirit and increased number of earnest workers in our meetings.

The Sundays of Nov. 16th and 23rd were the re-opening days of the Methodist Tabernacle, and, owing to the length of the services, our meeting was withdrawn and a short prayer-meeting held instead.

On Saturday evening, Nov. 29th, the entire school met in the concert hall and a very interesting temperance meeting was conducted by our honorary president and lady principal, Miss Burkholder. Temperance songs rang out with true tone of earnestness and enthusiasm. Miss Rowell, a teacher much interested in our Y. W. C. A. work, gave us a very clear and concise idea of the Liquor Act about to be voted on, and what would be the change in the state of affairs should it be passed. Miss E. M. Beatty read a thoughtful and interesting paper on temperance, while Miss Richardson vividly pictured two homes, and yet, alas!—one home, only changed.

Miss Burkholder’s remarks showed us the true, noble woman she is, impressing on us all the fact that *we* have a great influence to account for in the world, and the necessity for the developing of habits of industry and self-sacrifice in order to reach out

toward the possibilities of the noblest womanhood. She spoke of the struggle and subsequent victory of the Reformation in the Elizabeth Era, of the twenty years' constant strife in the British Parliament, during the lives of Wilberforce and Fox, before our Motherland would consent to deal no longer in the sale and barter of her fellow-men, and of the later struggles in United States over the same question. These all show the steps in the evolution of a nation's thoughts and feelings. And *this* is the struggle of *our* day—as fierce a fray with martyrs to the cause as truly as those in the past.

The following day, which was Sunday, our subject was again temperance, and we were delighted with a very fine address from Rev. Mr. Kempton, of McMaster University. His remarks were concise and to the point, reminding us of the fact that should this law be passed, one of the most potent forces used in seeing that it was strictly adhered to would be the influence of woman in the church and *in the home*. Such was the appreciation of Mr. Kempton's address that he was asked to repeat it at the temperance rally of all the churches after the evening services.

On Wednesday evening a temperance prayer-meeting was led by Mrs. Hare. Here it was decided to add a distinct temperance department to our Y. W. C. A. work, and on the following day a vote was taken with as much form and seriousness as at any polling place. The results best expresses our feeling on the subject. Votes for the Act 114, against 7, making a majority of 107 in favor.

Owing to the advent of measles among us our Sunday service on Dec. 7th had to be held in the College. In the morning the subject was the story of the faithful and loving Ruth beautifully portrayed by Miss Keagey. In the evening Dr. Hare conducted a very informal service, which befittingly closed a quiet, restful day. And now the last "College" Sunday has passed for this year. Miss McWaters conducted a well-attended and very interesting service in which Miss McAmmond read a paper on "The Life of Esther," showing in her character an example for us of womanly tact, courage and self-sacrifice.

Good music has been a part of all our meetings, as we have been kindly favored with duetts from Misses Wilson and Seccombe and Misses Seccombe and Gladney, also solos by Misses, Craig, Silcox and Gallagher and a violin solo by Miss Simonds.

During these weeks Mrs. Hare's class has met as

usual. Every night Mrs. Hare comes to us with a message from "Our Father," which never fails to draw us closer to Him, showing us by precept and example what good work a bright smile and kindly word of encouragement may do though spoken in weakness.

We are sorry to report that measles has banished Miss Petherbridge, the usual editor of this column, from our midst, but this little absence may make us appreciate her cheery presence more on her return.

L. MCA.

Domestic Science,

The prosperity of a nation depends upon the health and the morality of its citizens, and the health and morals of a people depend mainly upon the food they eat, and the homes they live in.

Wholesome and palatable food is the first step in good morals, and is conducive to ability in business, skill in trade and healthy tone in literature.

The last fifty years have seen such a marvellous advance in applied science, especially in applied chemistry, that it is no wonder that housewives have fallen somewhat behind; but it is high time for them to awake to the importance of their profession.

Unscrupulous manufacturers call in the aid of the chemist's art to enable them to deceive the credulous "lady of the house," and the only remedy is for "the lady" to acquire knowledge which will enable her to detect such palpable frauds as are daily practised.

This is an age of progress. Educated women must mark out a plan for themselves. Our girls must be taught to recognize the profession of housekeeping as one of the highest. The properly educated housekeeper is not a drudge; she has all the forces of nature at her command—the lightning harnessed to give her light; the stored-up energy of past ages at her command by the turning of a stop-cock; swift steamships and railways bring to her fruits and vegetables from all climes; the vast prairies furnish meat, game and flour; mechanical skill gives her all kinds of labor-saving devices; the general prosperity and improving taste of the country admit of tasteful decoration of the rooms. Surely, never did housekeeping present so many charms. Alas! the winged Pegasus is too strong for his unskilled rider, for in his train has come a style of living both extravagant and demoralizing. All

this delicate machinery and costly luxury are committed by ignorant mistresses to still more ignorant servants. What wonder that the complicated machinery comes to grief, and the tempers of both mistress and maid are spoiled in attempting the impossible?

The only remedy is for our girls to learn something practical about these forces, and the nature of the materials that are scattered about so freely. The distinction between an educated cook and an uneducated one of the same skill is, that the educated one can tell someone else just how and why she takes each step, while the uneducated can do the thing but cannot tell anyone else how or why she does it. Let our school-girls bear this in mind, and so study their chemistry and physics that they can tell why this and that should or should not be done. A little actual knowledge wonderfully simplifies things, and adds interest to the commonest deeds.

To judge by the opinion of the average school-girl, one would think that housekeeping required no more thought than the breaking of stones on a highway. Such may listen with profit to Ruskin when he says: "It is a no less fatal error to despise labor when regulated by intellect than to value it for its own sake. In these days we are always trying to separate the two. We want a man to be always thinking, another to be always working, and we call the one a gentleman and the other an operative, whereas the workman ought often to be thinking and the thinker to be working, and both should be gentlemen in the best sense. Now, it is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy."

If this is not assented to, then is not the conclusion clear, that, if our girls were capable of thinking about the many problems of housework, and of investigating new and better ways, they would find the work an interesting and worthy one?

Oratory.

There have been two very interesting private recitals this month given by the members of the junior and senior classes. One was of a patriotic nature, when the juniors gave Tennyson's "Defence of Lucknow," the interest and effect of which was greatly deepened by the presence of a large Union Jack, which had been arranged expressly for the

occasion. Miss Beatty, of the senior class, recited and also Miss McAmmond, and Miss Badgley gave recitations which were enjoyed by all. The second was even more entertaining. The graduates, assisted by Miss Moysey, gave the first scene from Hamlet. They did very well, indeed, and every one enjoyed it. Miss McWaters and Miss Seccombe recited, and also Miss Jessie Gibson, who is a pupil of Miss Badgley. All excelled themselves.

Misses Knapp and McWaters recited at a Scotch social given under the auspices of the Presbyterian church in memory of their patron saint, St. Andrew.

Exchanges.

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines for exchange:—*The University of Ottawa Review*, *Queen's University Journal*, *The Varsity*, *The Lencocyte*, *Acta Victoriana*, *Vox Wesleyana*, *McGill Outlook*, *The Sons of England Record*, *Ontario Agricultural College Review*, *McMaster University Monthly*.

The *Queen's University Journal* for November is a memorial of their late principal, Dr. G. M. Grant. We sympathize with them deeply in their great loss, and hope that they will have every success with their new and honored principal.

INSCRUTABILITY.

Coldly repellant, bare,
 Off'ring but stony stare,
 Showing no truth to my soul's soul akin.
 Sky, world-wide bending low,
 Forms one linked crimson bow;
 But through its bright bar no knowledge can win.
 Hills tipped with golden light
 Throw but extending night,
 And out from the deep shades my soul cannot flee.
 Valleys full-bathed in sun,
 Sink into twilight dun,
 Naught solves the mystery, and naught holds the key.

—*The Varsity*, Dec. 3.

Three score and ten a wise man
 Said, were our years to be,
 Three score and six I give him back,
 Four are enough for me.
 Four in these corridors,
 Four in these halls of ours,

These give me heavenly powers,
 'Tis life for me.

—*The Varsity.*

FULFILMENT.

Men called it failure, but the angels saw
 What mystic seed was sown
 To bloom to bliss unknown
 And bear celestial fruitage without flaw.

—*University of Ottawa Review.*

"The evil that men do lives after them."

Mrs. Newly Wed—Isn't that a beautiful pudding,
 dear? I made it out of Mrs. Rorer's cook book.

Newly Wed (doubtfully)—Ye—s. It's quite pretty.
 I suppose this leathery part is the cover.

Forgiveness.

My heart was heavy, for its trust had been
 Abused, its kindness answered with foul wrong;
 So turning gloomily from my fellow-men,
 One summer Sabbath day, I strolled among
 The green mounds of the village burial place:
 Where, pondering how all human love and hate

Find one sod level; and how, soon or late
 Wronged and wrong-doer each with meekened
 face,

And cold hands folded over a still heart,
 Pass the green threshold of our common grave
 Whither all footsteps tend, whence none depart,
 Awed for myself, and pitying my race,
 Our common sorrow, like a mighty wave,
 Swept all my pride away, and trembling I forgave.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

College Proverbs.

"The girls and their privileges are soon parted."

"There are none so deaf that they can't hear
 after the lights go out."

"When some girls are away they don't avoid
 measles."

With these might be classed the following, which
 were clipped from *The Moon*:

"Girls will be boys."

"The latest novel catches the book worm."

"In the midst of life we are in debt."

"There's many a slip 'twix the pen and the pub-
 lisher."

Choice Holiday Gift Books



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Of these essays Dr. Van Dyke says:—"The
 book is good to read, pleasant to remember,
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